

**You'll Have Fun
(one shot)**

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Summary:

The losers throw a birthday party for Eddie, disaster ensues.

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“You'll have fun, Eddie!” Bev insisted, although twenty minutes ago she was complaining about how her dad would feel if he found out she went to a party where alcohol was involved.

And Eddie was positive that he wasn't going to have fun. He hated parties, and he hated drinking. And the group was also adamant about finding him a girlfriend. It was stupid, he'd admit, that he hadn't come out to any of them yet. He'd known them for years now. But it wasn't something he felt comfortable sharing, not living in a town like Derry.

He felt that Bev, at least, was suspicious. And if he told anyone, it would probably have been her first. Of course, if the circumstances were different, he would tell Richie. But how could he tell Richie that he was gay if Richie was the reason he realized he was gay in the first place? Wouldn't that be embarrassing. Maybe friendship ending.

He smiled despite these pesky thoughts. He'd rather go and get it done with than make them all worry. “Yeah, fun.”

If there was one thing Richie's big mouth was good for, this was it. He'd somehow gotten half of the fucking High School to come to this birthday party. Eddie was still uncomfortable, he would've preferred a nice evening playing monopoly or- hell- being by himself.

Because an hour and a half into the party, he'd gone up the stairs looking for Richie. He'd found him, but with his lips locked with some random girl. He pretended not to care when he saw, and apologized quickly for having interrupted. But he was upset. Extremely.

And Eddie was definitely a lightweight. Two drinks could've gotten him drunk, but not quite as drunk as he felt like getting (or had ever been). Five and a half drinks was more like it.

He'd started that sixth when Bill had found him and taken his cup away. Ben and Bev and Stan joined seconds later when Eddie had

started throwing a bit of a fit. "I wasn't done with that," he slurred, trying to snatch it back from Bill.

"Yuh-Yuh-You've had enough, E-Eddie."

Mike joined the group as well. Eddie almost wanted to cry at the way they looked at him. They were all so worried.

Bev put a careful hand on his shoulder, "Eddie, what happened? What's wrong?"

"Does something have to be wrong? What if I just wanted a drink?" Eddie shook away from her grasp. "It's my birthday party, anyway. And I'm having fun!" He managed to get away from them long enough to get himself another drink.

He was leaned up against a table when he saw Bill talking to Richie across the room. Bill pointed Eddie's way and he suddenly felt like running. He dropped his empty cup without care and spun around. His head was a mess, all dizzy and heavy and gooey. But he wasn't having this conversation. Because he knew that his drunk self would probably tell the truth and he wanted anything but to tell Richie the truth.

He shoved past some other people and pushed out the front door. It was cold out, which felt nice on his cheeks. He stumbled down the porch and onto the sidewalk. He heard his name being called from within the house, but chose to ignore it. He wanted to go home.

He ran his fingers through his hair. He heard the door slam and footsteps approach. "Eddie!"

He spun around to face them. It was Richie. He looked different now that he had gotten contacts. Eddie blinked away fresh tears. He was growing more frustrated by the second. "I don't wanna talk," He mumbled.

"How much did you drink?"

"Doesn't matter," Eddie slurred. "I'm drunk,"

"Uh, yeah? I see that. What the fuck?" Richie stepped closer and

Eddie stumbled back. He almost tripped but managed to stay on his feet.

“Whatever, Richie. Jus’ go back an’ have some fun with your new girlfriend.” He clamped his mouth shut and looked away. “I’m goin’ home.”

As he was trying to walk away, Richie grabbed him by the wrist. “Eds,”

“How many times do I have to tell you,” Eddie pulled his arm away harshly. “Not to call me that, and I don’t want to talk.”

“Eddie, stop,”

“No you stop. I want to go home! I- I didn’t, I didn’t even want this party, okay? I did- didn’t want a fucking girlfriend or a magical night. I wanna go home!” He started crying again, heavy tears that made it hard for him to see. “I’m gay, alright? I didn’t want this. It’s stupid. Stupid!” He stumbled back. “Leave me alone.”

There was a long moment of silence before Richie spoke.

“Ok, ok, Eddie. Just let me take you home, at least.” Richie put his hands out. Eddie shook his head, making him dizzy.

“I can take my- myself home.”

“Not this wasted, you can’t.” Richie grabbed Eddie again, softly. Eddie didn’t pull away this time.

“I don’t wanna talk,” He repeated.

“Okay, Eds, we don’t have to.”

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A hangover for Eddie would’ve been bad had he drunk the amount he normally did. But this time was worse, way worse. And he couldn’t even remember what had happened the night before.

He remembered going upstairs to find Richie with that girl, and

getting a drink afterwards. But everything after that was a blur.

He was surprised that he'd somehow gotten home and was safe in bed. And that his mother hadn't come in yet to see if he was alive. And he really didn't want her to see him this hungover. She'd take him to the emergency room. So he got dressed, and went out the door, spouting some nonsense about some school project.

He went to Bev, first. Called her and asked her to meet him by the standpipe. She told him that she would try her best. Twenty minutes passed and she called him again, saying that her father wasn't going to work that day and that there was no way for her to get out of the house.

Next, he tried Mike. But Mike was doing chores all day, and couldn't meet up. Stanley was doing something with his dad. Ben was helping his mom with some stuff. Bill had to babysit Georgie.

So he had no choice but to call Richie. Richie agreed to meet. Eddie felt that he was about to learn that he did something stupid and embarrassing last night.

But he felt that he kind of had to know. Bad or otherwise.

They met in front of the standpipe, Eddie waited on that bench for less than ten minutes before Richie turned up. He looked extremely stressed, Eddie assumed it was something with his parents.

"Hey," Eddie greeted him quietly, not moving. Richie nodded in return and sat down next to him. Eddie felt anxiety bubbling in his chest. "So... what happened last night?"

"You don't remember?" Richie asked, raising one eyebrow.

"No... I mean, I remember some, but there's a chunk missing."

"Oh," Richie sighed. He rubbed in between his eyes. "You got really drunk. Bill asked me to go talk to you, cuz' ah you wouldn't schtop." He did the last part in one of his voices, which had gotten significantly better in the last five years.

"I remember starting the drinking, but after that..."

"I feel that." Richie shook his head. "Anyway, you bolted when you saw me coming. I followed you out and..."

"And?" Eddie gulped.

"Well, uh, you were having a fit. Tears and all. Said you didn't want to talk and then started yelling at me. You came out to me during all that,"

Eddie's breath hitched and he leaned back into the bench. He covered his mouth with one hand. "I was expecting that,"

A pause and then, "I know you were drunk, but, I'm kind of glad I was the one you told first."

"Don't be so glad. I was gonna tell Bev first, if anything."

"Understandable."

Eddie chuckled, Richie along with him. "Can I tell you something else?"

Richie looked at him with what Eddie could only identify as hopeful. "Yeah?"

Eddie sighed, deep. "I'm only telling you because... well... honestly, you deserve to know. It's why I got drunk in the first place. I..."

He paused, rubbed his eyes, and took a deep breath. "When I realized I was gay, it was because of you... because I... I fell for you. And I know you're straight so.. I just don't want this to ruin our friendship, okay? I still care about you and.. I don't want to stop being friends."

Richie stared at him until goosebumps started to form on the back of his neck. "You mean that?" He asked.

Eddie sat up straight as an arrow, ready to get the hell out of there. "Y-Yeah,"

Richie smiled and Eddie smiled back, mostly out of discomfort and confusion. "Eds,"

Don't call me that. "Yes?"

"I fell for you too."

Eddie's eyebrows creased and he shook his head. "But that girl, and —"

"It was nothing. I was.. trying to convince myself that I was straight. Because I thought that you were straight. And then last night..."

"I told you..."

"Yeah, and I... wanted to be with you so bad. But you were wasted dude. So I just took you to your house and made sure you were safe."

He put his own hand over Eddie's, giving it a squeeze. "I'm in love with you, Eddie Spaghetti."

Eddie gave him a 'seriously?' look and then laughed. "I'm in love with you too, trashmouth."

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